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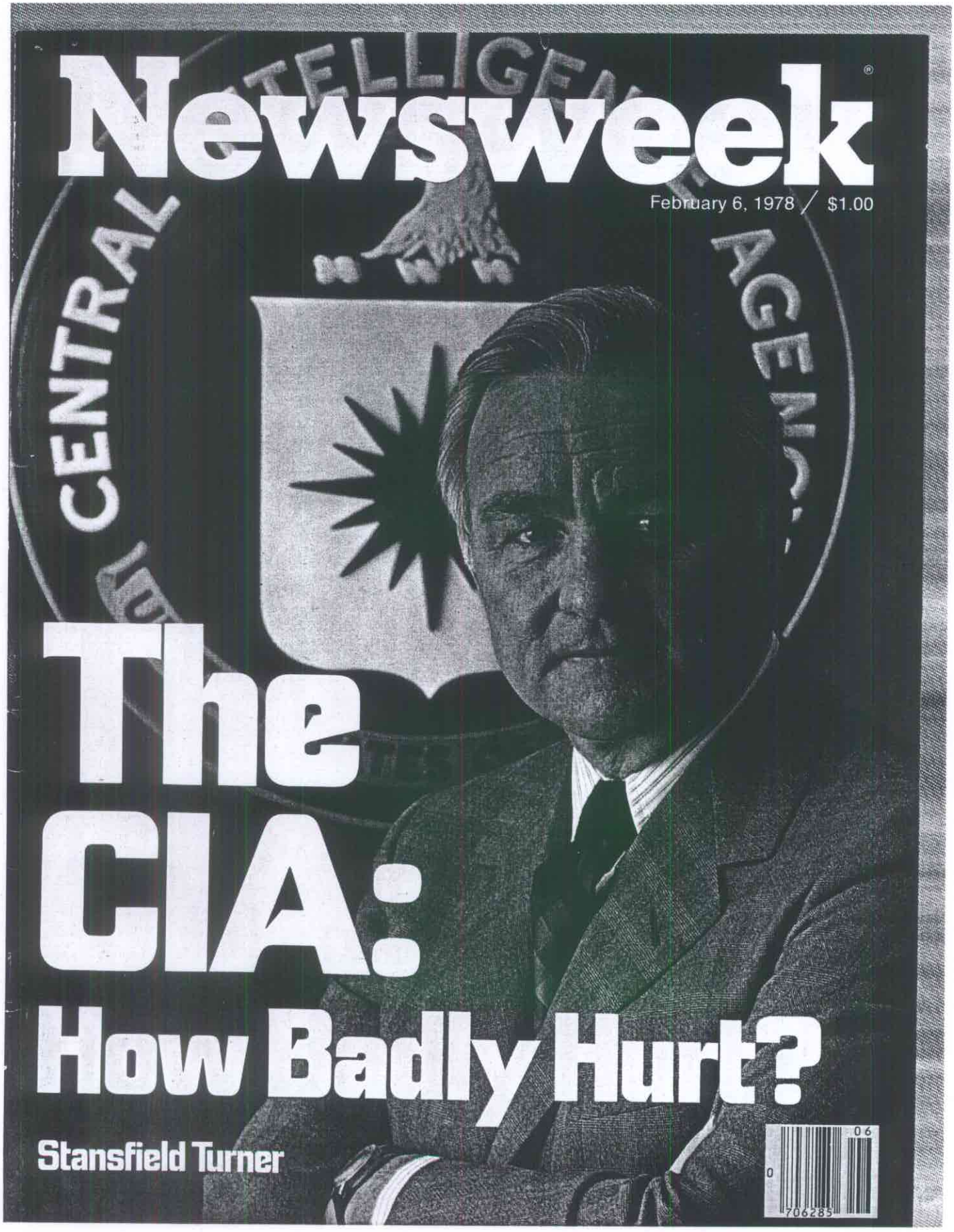

The CIA: How Badly Hurt?

Stansfield Turner

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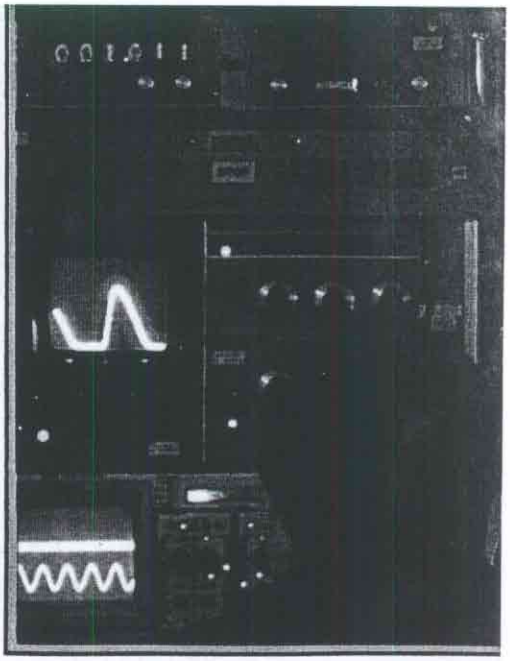
Wally McNamee—Newsweek



The CIA: How

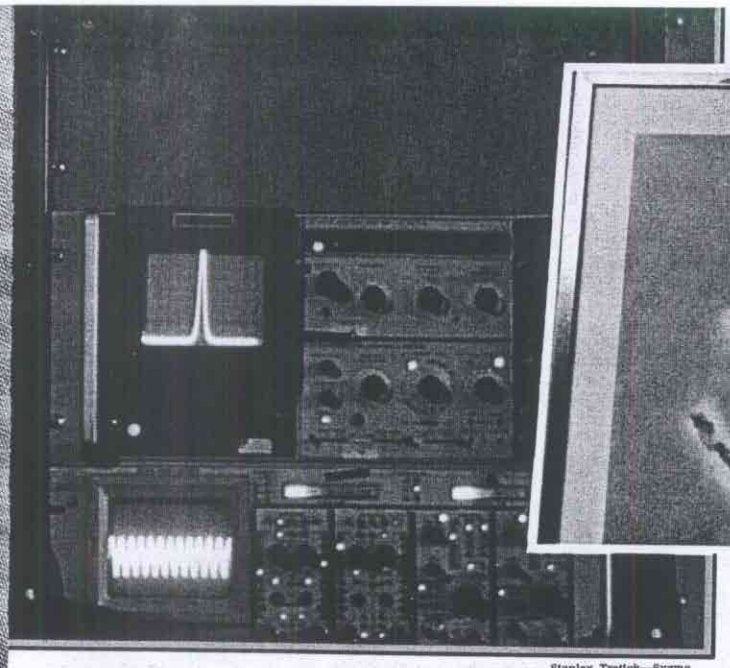
The spy named Hook slumped into an overstuffed chair in the old Mamounia Hotel in Marrakech to wait for his contact—and think things through. His best Arab sources seemed to be ducking him these days. Even the British weren't talking to him more than they had to—not that the bloody Brits had much to say anyway. Back home, the President and Congress were watching the CIA more closely than ever before. Young guys were getting out of The Company and heading for fat advances from publishers in New York. Old guys, his friends, were getting pink slips right and left. And they said the new director seemed to trust electronic gadgets in the sky more than men who knew how to keep an ear to the ground. "How the hell are we gonna stay ahead of the KGB?" Hook thought. He waited, but his man didn't show up. Strike three. Finally he got up, walked slowly back to the station, filed yet another no-news-is-good-news report to Langley—and started thinking about his wretched pension.

Turner meets with top aides at Langley: The

Hook is a fiction, but his problems are very real facts of life around The Company these days. "For the first time in my experience the CIA is demoralized," says former Deputy Director E. Henry Knoche, a career man who resigned last summer. Some normally tight-lipped spies now charge angrily that the CIA's director, Adm. Stansfield Turner, is an abrasive martinet who doesn't understand the first thing about spycraft. Others around the agency's Langley, Va., headquarters maintain that squeaky-clean new rules set by Carter and Congress to control the old and often dirty business of espionage are seriously hobbling the CIA's covert operatives, weakening its network of foreign spies and straining its relations with friendly intelligence services. Said one worried spook: "It's a total disaster."

That damage assessment was probably exaggerated, but the deeper issues it raised troubled Carter, Turner and their critics alike. How much harm has three years of unrelenting public exposure of CIA misdeeds and mistakes done to the agency? Has the intelligence community got its sensitive machines and sophisticated staff pulling together or against one another? What can be done to cut deadwood from the CIA? And, most important, how should Carter—or any President—square legitimate needs for espionage and covert capabilities with the country's fundamental democratic values and processes? "We want an accountable structure," Vice President Walter F. Mondale promised recently. And Turner told NEWSWEEK that tighter controls and more coordination around the CIA—and the rest of the nation's supersecret intelligence community—were making things better, not worse. "This place is *producing*," he said (page 29).

Outwardly, at least, there seemed to be ample evidence of that. As usual last week, sophisticated U.S. spy satellites scanned the remote corners of the earth, giant electronic "ears" drew signals and secrets out of the airwaves, computers at CIA headquarters purred and the agency's daily intelligence briefing landed on Jimmy Carter's desk each morning around 8 o'clock—right on time. To give the President a cloak-and-dagger capability, NEWSWEEK learned, the CIA keeps in reserve a skeleton crew of 30 covert operatives and 50 paramilitary experts. And there were signs that the agency may be working to build a new,



Stanley Tretick—Sygma

Bill Ray

Outsider at the helm: Turner with national security adviser Brzezinski (left) and in his office, CIA equipment analyzing Soviet radar signals

Badly Hurt?

Bill Ray

question was whether the agency needed a clean sweep with a stiff broom

even more secret service despite—indeed, because of—all the recent scrutiny and criticism. "We are dealing with our cover impediments by creating a truly clandestine corps of operations officers," notes one section of an ambitious five-year plan drafted at Langley last year. "[This will be] an extremely delicate undertaking with many complex operations and support ramifications that will require adroit handling by our most experienced people."

Both Congress and Carter are casting about for adroit ways of their own to exert more quality control over the CIA's "product"—a blend of military, economic, political and scientific intelligence that aims to be this nation's best window on the world. "Their intelligence is lousy," says New York Rep. Otis Pike, a critic who believes it costs more than it's worth. And a top White House strategist concedes that CIA reports are often too tame. "Technologically, we're awfully good," says another Presidential confidant. "But when it comes to foreign policy—what other governments think of you, what they think of themselves, what their strategy is and what they think your strategy is—our intelligence is not very good."

SUPERSPOOK

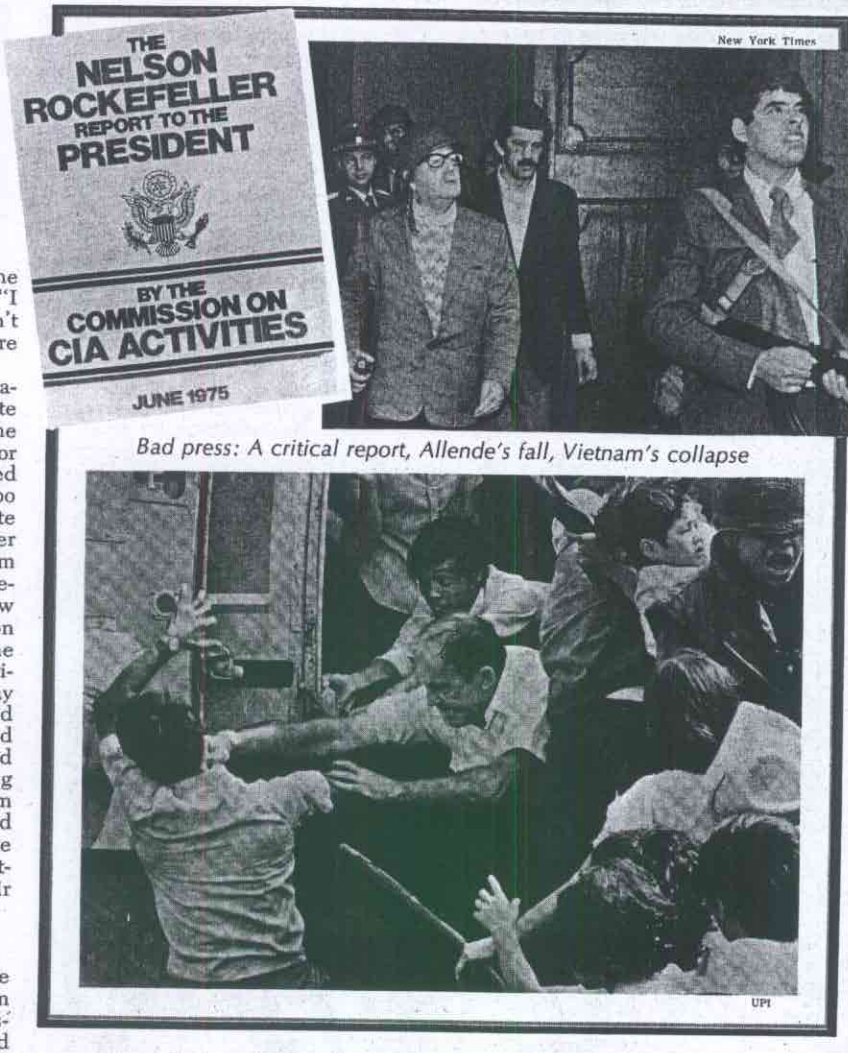
In the hopes of improving things, the CIA is importing Ambassador to Portugal Frank Carlucci, 47, a tough-minded administrator who ran the Office of Economic Opportunity for Richard Nixon, as Turner's top deputy who will take charge of day-to-day operations. And last week, the President signed an Executive order giving CIA boss Turner broader responsibility for the U.S. intelligence "community"—including the Defense Intelligence Agency, National Reconnaissance Office and the electronic wizards of the National Security Agency—a development that may ultimately make Turner the most powerful and controversial superspook since Allen Dulles in the Eisenhower era of cold-war brinkmanship.

Turner steamed into Langley last March under full power and a somewhat vague mission from Carter to take bold action. His credentials looked impressive to liberals and conservatives: Annapolis and Oxford, chief of the Naval War College and a combat command on a frigate off Vietnam. The CIA itself welcomed the admiral, if only as a contrast to Theodore Sorensen, Carter's first choice for the top intelligence job. The liberal Sorensen dropped out after it developed that he had exploited classified documents in writing his memoirs of the Kennedy years. "When Sorensen lost, everybody was so relieved that they never asked, 'Who's Turner?' " said one former agency man—a bit ruefully.

It turned out that the admiral was a salty outsider who made no effort to adapt to the traditional pinstripes and gelignite image of directors like Dulles, Richard Helms and William Colby. Nor did he follow the pattern set by onetime

Republican Party chairman George Bush—another outsider who came to Langley with a mandate to shake things up but managed to replace much of the CIA's top management in 1976 without drawing too much blood or ink in the process. "My attitude was I'm going to hunker down," Bush said last week. "This idea of openness—I just don't buy that." Turner seemed more suspicious. "I said to myself: 'I've read about the accusations against the clandestine service'," he recalled. "I don't believe them all—but I don't know which are fact and which are fiction."

He decided to find out. "The paramount question in his mind—and quite rightly—was 'How do I control the place?' " said former deputy director Knoche. "The trouble was, he allowed this question to exist in his mind for too long." To get the clandestine Directorate of Operations (DDO) in hand, Turner hired Robert D. (Rusty) Williams from Stanford Research Institute to be his freelance investigator. Williams rattled a few skeletons and set quite a few teeth on edge around Langley. To some, he seemed more concerned about investigating booze and sex play than foul play during a tour of CIA stations in Asia. Old hands at headquarters and in the field disliked Williams's aloof moralizing and resented his prying questions. "Having endured the process of external criticism and suspicions since 1975," Knoche said last week, "the CIA and particularly the Deputy Director for Operations found itself going through it all again—from their own leader. The place buckled."



Bad press: A critical report, Allende's fall, Vietnam's collapse

PINK-SLIP MUTINY

The most crippling blow to the morale of Turner's 15,000 employees has been his method of cutting back the clandestine staff. The operations division had already been whittled down to 4,730 employees from a peak of 8,000 during the Vietnam war, and Turner inherited from the Ford Administration a recommendation to slice another 1,200 to 1,400 officers, virtually all of them at headquarters. He chose to cut only 820, but speeded up the original, six-year timetable. That made it impossible to achieve all the reduction by attrition—and a flurry of pink slips was inevitable.

The firings and the ensuing uproar were the first, outward signs that something was amiss in the CIA. "It was the CIA's first mutiny," recalled one ex-officer last month. Many victims of the firings broke the agency's tradition of silence and went out talking. One fired agent told NEWSWEEK: "To receive the grateful thanks of a grateful government for services rendered—sometimes overseas at great hazard—in the form of a two sentence message, without any recognition of past performance, was insulting and humiliating." Turner argued that he was only being cost-conscious and efficient; he also hoped to spare victims the suspense of wondering whether the ax was going to fall. But when he told NEWSWEEK later: "You really heard them crying, haven't you?" he appeared to some rather like Gen. George Patton slapping combat-fatigued GI's—and apologized in writing to the entire agency.

Even so, the unhappy mess gave the impression that Turner had a short fuse and a hard heart. In a gesture of lese majesty that would have been unthinkable under Dulles or Helms, one mutinous wag posted an "H.M.S. Pinafore" parody called "A Simple Tar's Story" on the CIA's staff bulletin board. Lampooning Turner, it read: "Of intelligence I had so little grip/ that they offered me the Directorship/ with my brass bound head of oak so stout/ I don't have to know what it's all about./ I may run the ship aground if I keep on so/ but I don't care a fig: I'll be the CNO [Chief of Naval Operations]."

When pressed, most intelligence experts conceded that the cuts were needed and that the agency could absorb them. But one unsettling fact remained: Turner had chosen to cut *only* the clandestine services, leaving the rest of the agency untouched. Some agents wondered whether Turner was something of a stubborn naïf who failed to realize how tough the game against the Russians really was.

THE CLASSIC JOB

To make matters worse, Turner left the impression with many people that he thought he was simply phasing out anachronisms of the sophisticated new technology of intelligence. "There's no technology invented yet that can read minds," snorted one first-rate fieldman in Western Europe last week; he explained that the classic job of the clandestine operative remains indispensable: to cultivate sources and collect "human" intelligence (HUMINT in spookspeak) so political leaders can answer questions like "Who is going to push the button—and when?"

"Intelligence used to be poker—what did the other guys have," reflected one top agency man in Washington. "Now

it's chess: we know his pieces and where they are located—we need to know his intentions." Finding them out takes a peculiar breed of person. "They won't say: 'Aye, aye, sir,' and salute Turner," said one retired agent. Even Campbell James, a Company legend in his time, failed to pass muster in Turner's no-nonsense shop. A distant relative of Teddy Roosevelt, James is American but speaks with a British accent. He wears a chain across his vest with a caviar spoon fixed to one end, a large watch on the other and a tiger tooth dangling in between. "When we got into Laos, he would go right up to a tribal chieftain sitting in a tree hut eating betel nuts and present his card," recalled one old mission mate last week. "When we went into Laos in 1960, he was the only guy Souvanna Phouma would talk to."

By most rules of thumb, HUMINT accounts for only about 10 per cent of the U.S. intelligence product. And with the Directorate of Operations also being the source of many escapades embarrassing to the Company in recent years, it was understandable that Turner looked to the operations division as a safe place for cuts. But he has had to assume the risk that real, if unusual, assets might be lost, too. One of the last men at the agency who spoke Albanian reportedly fell to a pink slip not long ago—and even Jimmy Carter knows the difficulty in finding good interpreters these days. In one East European country, in fact, there are reports that an intriguing number of dissident Communists would like to talk with CIA officers but can't because all the station's linguists have been recently fired.

HUMINT experts have scored a share of victories over their counterparts in signal information (SIGINT) and communications (COMINT). A HUMINT man fed the CIA its first solid report that China was about to set off an atom bomb, thereby scooping the spy satellites and U-2 reconnaissance planes that had been overflying China's nuclear-testing range at Lop Nor for years. The HUMINT man got the story from the foreign minister of a small African nation, who got it from the Russians during a trip to Moscow. "When the information got back to headquarters," one analyst laughed last week, "everyone said, 'What the hell does *that* guy know about an A-bomb?' But it got to Dean Rusk who used it in a speech—just before the bomb blew."

COVERT ILLUSIONS

In addition to gathering information clandestinely, the CIA's Directorate of Operations has traditionally been responsible for covert operations, the sometimes dirty tricks used to shape events in foreign countries. But the agency's covert-action team was reduced to a bare minimum even before Turner arrived, and there is no indication now that it will be significantly expanded. That may be just as well. While the CIA did score covert victories in Guatemala and Iran in the 1950s, it is better known for its covert failures in Cuba, Chile and elsewhere. In Africa, for example, eager operatives subtly prompted the government of Burundi to send home a bumbling Russian ambassador. To the CIA's dismay, however, the Russians then posted a crack diplomat, and relations between the Burundis and the Soviets grew more cordial than ever. "I am forever overwhelmed by the number of very fine people who have been deluded into wasting their lives in this business," said one very candid covert-action man in Washington.

Even so, neither Turner nor the President intends to give up covert action

Auth © 1977 Philadelphia Inquirer

Mind bending: Can the government—or the public—overlook past mistakes?

How Turner

There seems to be a penchant for equating instant popularity with leadership," muses Vice Adm. Robert Monroe about the CIA uproar over his friend and tennis partner Stansfield Turner. Monroe doesn't think things necessarily work that way. A good leader, he says, "sees what needs to be done when the issues are not all that clear, and has the strength to carry them out whatever obstacles exist."

Though the jury is still out on the clarity of Turner's vision as he turns the CIA inside out, hardly anyone doubts his will to perform. A marked star as long ago as his Naval Academy days in the '40s—"so far ahead of us that we never considered him a competitor or even a peer," according to classmate Jimmy Carter—Turner, now 54, went on to an ever-upward Navy career that earned him four stars at 51. Unlike many hotshots, Turner distinguished himself in a variety of dissimilar jobs—battle command, systems analysis, strategic planning, budget and manpower management, Pentagon infighting, even academic administration.

To his detractors—in the Navy as well as the CIA—this elegant résumé merely cloaks a man fired with ambition, an arrogant egomaniac who takes blustering charge before he knows what he's taking charge of. His admirers see something else working—an abhorrence of conventional wisdom, an overriding passion for fresh thought and new ideas. "His strongest point was his unusual ability to get people to produce new ideas," says a ranking Navy colleague. The traditional ways of doing things can get trampled in the rush, however. During Turner's time as head of the Naval War College, he picked up on a student's idea of holding meetings between Navy brass and newsmen, who had become mutually embittered over the Vietnam war. "There was a lot of blood on the floor and some tempers exploded," recalls a War College associate, "but both sides learned something."

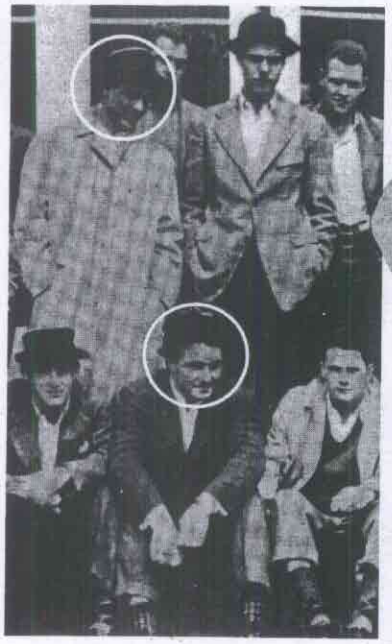
THUCYDIDES FOR STARTERS

With his zeal for stirring the pot, Turner has always had trouble with those who abide by the old ways and the old ideas. At the War College—the Navy experience that most resembles Turner's embattled stand at the CIA—the admiral took over a snoozy, stagnant lecture society that required little reading or writing and no exams. At his first assembly, at 11 a.m. on a warm August day, Turner woke up his students, all middle-rank officers with high career expectations, by ordering them to read Thucydides's history of the Peloponnesian War. "The gripes and grumbling

Runs His Ships

got louder," recalls one who was there, "as they found out that they would have to read about three shelves of books, take examinations and write papers and a thesis."

The admiral hung two signs on his office door—"Call me Stan" and "I need one good idea a day"—and set about fermenting the intellectual juices. "Turner liked the Socratic method," says a former student, "and he would ask 'Why do we need a Navy?'—



'Sturdy Stan': At Amherst (front row) with Webster, as Annapolis guard, with wife, Patricia, leaving NATO

'What made the nuclear deterrent deter?' " As usual, says a civilian professor, "he had a lot of people upset"—but by the time Turner left in 1974, the War College was a country club no longer.

BUDDIES AT THE TOP

A teetotaling Christian Scientist from a well-to-do suburban Chicago family, Turner put in two years at Amherst College in Massachusetts before opting for a naval career in 1943. He is still remembered at Amherst as "Sturdy Stan," a soberly prankish BMOC and, as it happened, a classmate and close friend of William H. Webster, Carter's new choice to head the FBI. Turner believes that the long-standing friendship will facilitate cooperation between the FBI and CIA—a goal not necessarily shared by civil-libertarians.

"I anticipate I'll have no problem whatever in calling up and saying, 'What the devil are you doing, Bill?' " Turner has said. "And he'll call me and say, 'Why in the world did you do that, Stan?' I'm looking forward to it."

At Annapolis, Turner became brigade commander and graduated 25th in his class of 820. As a Rhodes scholar at

Keystone

Oxford, he studied philosophy, politics and economics. Turner served on a destroyer during the Korean War, then alternated between shore and ship assignments before putting in three years as a systems analyst at the Pentagon. He commanded the missile frigate Horne during the Vietnam war, winning a Bronze Star and an enhanced reputation as an innovator.

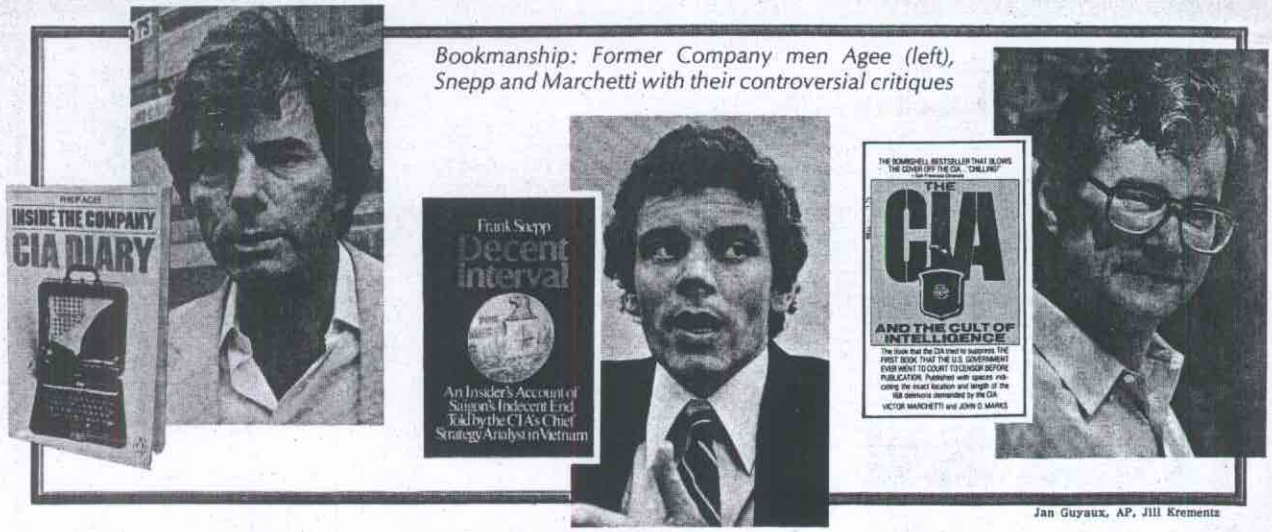
Turner won equivalent notices after he took over the wholly different job of aide to Democratic Navy Secretary Paul Ignatius in 1968. "He had to organize the work, advise on budget matters and programs, manpower problems and a host of other tasks," says Ignatius, now president of the Air Transport Association of America. Turner moved on to the War College in 1972, became commander of the Second Fleet two years later, and then commander of NATO forces in southern Europe. That was the job he held when Jimmy Carter, whom he had never known at Annapolis, had his celebrated "wakin'-up thought" one morning last spring about putting the admiral in charge of the nation's intelligence.

When he flew from Rome to Washington, Turner did not know what job the President was going to offer him. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was his fondest dream, but Chief of Naval Operations also seemed likely. He worked out a telephone code with his wife, Patricia. If it was the Joint

Chiefs, he would tell her, "major league." For CNO the code words would be "minor league." In the event, Turner called to say, "It's the bush league," a slightly pejorative pun on the name of his CIA predecessor, George Bush.

In Washington, Turner enjoys an occasional night of opera but he is too busy, even on weekends, to take Patricia on a promised museum-hopping expedition. "I think he's a little overboard myself," says his wife. "He needs to have contact with more people." That's what they say about Jimmy Carter, too, a man with whom Turner shares a certain faith in management systems, a broad-band intellectual interest—and a terrible impatience with those not similarly saturated in the job at hand.

—RICHARD BOETH with DAVID C. MARTIN and LLOYD H. NORMAN in Washington



Bookmanship: Former Company men Agee (left), Snepp and Marchetti with their controversial critiques

Jan Guyaux, AP, Jill Krementz

entirely. "It's got to remain an arrow in our quiver," Turner said last week. The CIA's small crew of paramilitary experts can be used against terrorists, for example. Any such action, Carter maintains, is now subject to Presidential approval and Congressional scrutiny. His goal is to do away with the CIA's old doctrine of "plausible deniability," a euphemism for the cover stories that hide links between the President and illegal operations.

The new policy has astonished a few old-timers. One West European intelligence chief who met Turner recently said in surprise: "He told me that the only difference now is that all covert operations henceforth will be conducted legally. He doesn't seem to realize that the whole point of covert operations is to be able to do things that *aren't* legal."

MATTER OF TRUST

The warning was cynical but well meant. Openness, legalities and moral imperatives tend to put off intelligence professionals whose ruling passions, of necessity, run to guile, deception and secrecy. Sources in Europe told NEWSWEEK's Arnaud de Borchgrave that friendly intelligence agencies such as Egypt's well-wired Mukhabarat now worry about their best secrets falling into the wrong hands around Washington. South Africa's Bureau of State Security (BOSS), the best intelligence outfit in Africa, has reportedly become standoffish—in part, no doubt, because of mounting political differences with the U.S. Iran's SAVAK is irked by the CIA's refusal to turn over tips on Iranian dissidents in the U.S.; the Iranians charge that similar details about anti-Castro terrorists have been supplied to Cuba. And the French complain that their reports on Cubans in Africa have been ignored. "The Dutch, the Italians, the Greeks—even the British don't trust us any more," said one American operative in Washington.

Trust has also become a pressing question around Langley. Defectors to the publishing world like Philip Agee have called names and named names, arguably jeopardizing plans and even lives. More thoughtful critics like Victor Marchetti (in "The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence") have poked fun at the CIA's cult figures—and holes in its mystique. And former officer Frank Snepp's charge (in "Decent Interval") that The Company ran out on thousands of its Vietnamese employees did little to improve the recruitment of local spies elsewhere. With hundreds of defrocked spooks on the beach, some now worry that more books—or even more serious defections—are on the way. "It's a red herring to say someone might go over to the other side," insisted one retired CIA executive. Then he thought a bit and added philosophically, "But with a slap in the face, strange things can happen."

Turner believes firmly that such fears are exaggerated. He may be right. Ousted veterans and their supporters tend to be furious at him, not their country. And few ex-CIA scriveners have taken their true confessions as far as Agee did. "Even Snepp was very circumspect in writing his book, as far as I can see," Turner told NEWSWEEK, a concession that may prove bothersome if the agency ever takes the case to court.

Rattled or not, the CIA seems to be pulling itself together. The Domestic Contact Division is expanding to interview more Americans, particularly scientists, technologists, economists and energy experts, returning from "points of interest" abroad. And the Foreign Resource Division, which recruits foreign sources in the U.S., may grow. The Director of Operations is also redeploying its officers abroad. It may expand operations in Africa to cultivate sources there who travel in and out of China and the Soviet Union, two "hard targets" that American operatives seldom manage to penetrate directly. It is moving, though slowly, to meet the Freedom of Information Act—and to declassify more of its less sensitive secrets.

To head a leaner, meeker Directorate of Operations, Turner picked John McMahon, a veteran of the Science and Technology division. The choice alarmed some critics who fear technological progress will alter the CIA's traditional mission—and replace Nathan Hale with R2D2. Calmer hands pointed out that McMahon was a superb manager who had learned much about clandestine affairs from the years he had spent developing exotic doodads for the CIA operations. "He'll have the Directorate of Operations eating out of his hands in 60 days," predicted one unruffled colleague.

FERRETS, BLEEPS, BIG EARS

Even traditionalists now concede that the main burden of collecting intelligence has fallen to machines. "Ferret" satellites 200 miles up in space record electromagnetic signals from ships, aircraft and ground stations. Fifty miles closer to the earth, photo satellites circle watchfully, dropping film packs and bleeping messages back home. Their photos are so good, Turner has told White House aides, that the CIA can distinguish Guernseys from Herefords on the range and read the markings on a Russian submarine. Even closer in, U-2 and SR-71 photo reconnaissance planes snoop at altitudes of 70,000 to 90,000 feet. And far below, mountaintop radio receivers scan the airwaves while the electronic devices of the National Security Agency, the nation's "Big Ear," pick up everything from chats between foreign leaders to enemy orders of battle.

Without photo evidence of missile sites in Cuba, John F. Kennedy would never have gone to the brink of World War III with the Soviet Union. Lyndon Johnson made a point of giving Third World leaders satellite photos of their capitals—to show he had his eye on things. But technology can also produce intelligence as mindless and worthless as anything ever concocted by human bumblers out in the cold. CIA scientists, not cloak-and-dagger men, took on Op-

(Continued on page 30)

(Continued from page 24)
eration Midnight Climax, an inquiry into mind-bending drugs in which unsuspecting men were given the drugs in CIA-run brothels and then observed at play. In another effort that didn't pay off, the CIA managed to plant seven bugs in the Chinese Embassy in Burundi in the early 1970s: five failed to function at all, one burnt out in three months because the "off" switch wouldn't work—and the one in the ambassador's office produced nothing new because the ambassador assumed his room was bugged.

BRAINS OVER BOMFOGGERY

The real issue is not whether electronic spies are better than those who wear gumshoes but how to master the glut of data and improve the bomfogging reports that make up the "product" of the U.S. intelligence community. "Rather than finding that increased technical capabilities diminish your human intelligence requirements, it's just the opposite," Turner observes. "The more information you have from technical sources, the more intentions you want to know . . . and you go to the human to find the intentions. You must make them dovetail."

Top priority is still military intelligence. But Carter is also making heavy new demands on the CIA to improve its predictions and its analysis of economic and political developments. "When you finally get to the edge of where the facts are—that's where the stuff gets weak," said one Carter strategist. Turner's efforts to push beyond data grubbing has probably led to the most serious criticism leveled against him: shaping intelligence analysis to please the President. "He orders the intelligence estimates to be jazzed up," said one exasperated CIA analyst last week. "The facts aren't always exciting enough for Stan."

To his defenders, Turner is providing just the kind of excitement the CIA needs. "We are talking about a tired, middle-aged bureaucracy and we should be rubbing their noses in the billions they have spent to make bad calls on major events," says Congressman Pike. And in signing the Executive order that broadened Turner's powers last week, President Carter said evenly: "I want to express my complete appreciation and confidence in Admiral Turner, whose responsibilities ... will be greatly magnified."

At one time Turner had hoped to become an intelligence czar. The reorganization gives him a more modest role: Carter did not grant him Cabinet rank or sole authority to speak publicly on intelligence matters. But he did give Turner an empire: a new National Foreign Assessment Center, to prepare the CIA's most important strategic assessments; a National Intelligence Tasking Center, to distribute missions and cut waste, and a Directorate for Resource Management, to supervise a budget estimated at more than $3.5 billion.

Turner has also assembled his own team of new and old hands to run the new units and the traditional CIA structure. Among the most notable are Robert Bowie, at the NFAC; John Koehler, at the DRM; Lt. Gen. (ret.) Frank Camm at the NITC; Leslie Dirks as the CIA's deputy for Science and Technology and John F. Blake as deputy for Administration. Old pros around Washington last week also predicted that Carlucci, the CIA's new Deputy Director and a man who understands Washington manners, would do much to smooth some of the feathers Turner has ruffled among his own people at Langley.

NEW CHARTERS AND RED TAPE

Turner's new-style intelligence community may run into the same kind of controversy as the old one. To civil libertarians, Carter's new restrictions on various clandestine activities seemed too tame; former intelligence officials, on the other hand, called them crippling. The Senate is considering new charters for the entire intelligence community that would require written opinions from the Attorney General on the legality of every operation, a reform that could tangle the agency in red tape. And Rep. Edward Boland, chairman of the House Intelligence Committee, vowed to demand more Congressional access to secret operations. "It all comes down to the fact that since we are going to be in on all the crash landings, we must insist we be in on the take-offs," he said.

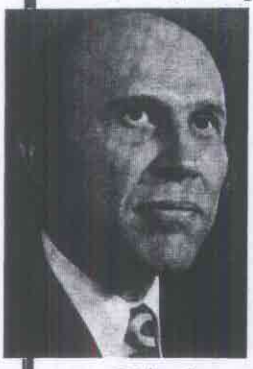
Whether such open exposure is really practical remains to be tested. The CIA's plan to open its headquarters to carefully guided tours on weekends died unmourned around Langley when it turned out that almost nothing of interest could be seen without breaching security. Turner himself believes it will take another year to tell whether the reforms are taking hold and the product improving. The best judgment now is that the overall quality of U.S. intelligence has not dropped dramatically and that it may indeed start to go up. "We ought to knock off criticizing the changes at the CIA, let it settle down and do a good job," urged one level-headed former officer last week. In the meantime, Turner has shown at the very least that he can shake some of the dust off a bureaucracy that once considered itself untouchable.

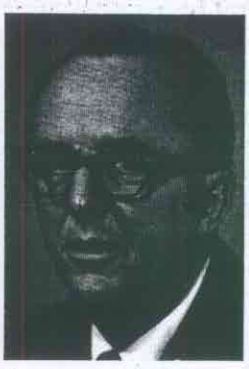
—TOM MATHEWS with DAVID MARTIN, EVERT CLARK, ELAINE SHANNON and JOHN LINDSAY in Washington, ARNAUD de BORCHGRAVE in Geneva and bureau reports.

Terry Arthur

Wally McNamee—Newsweek

Carlucci (above), Koehler: New faces, new game rules





Dirks, Camm, Blake: Shaking some dust off the untouchables

'This Place Is Producing'

To get the view from the top at the CIA, Washington bureau chief Mel Elfin and correspondent David Martin talked with director Stansfield Turner. Excerpts:

NEWSWEEK: ***Every single person we have asked to, without exception, says morale has never, ever, been lower than it is right now.***

TURNER: I categorically deny that. There is not a morale problem in the CIA today . . . This place is producing. The President of the United States is pleased with it. And the product is high. People work twelve-, sixteen-hour days out here. I have people, at the drop of a hat, working all day Sunday, coming over to my house Sunday night with the results. They are dedicated, wonderful, inspired people. Now, there are complaints. There's griping. There is in every organization of the government. And when you're in a period of transition to new objectives, new methods, new management systems, new styles of openness, of course there are people who are complaining, because it isn't being done the way it was yesterday.

Q. Your dismissal of 212 persons obviously hurt morale. Would you do it again, and in exactly the same way?

A. What I will do differently the next time is spread the notification out over a longer period of time . . . But I did what I think was the only honest, proper thing to do for the agency and for the country . . . There's just nobody around here that doesn't know that we're in a time when we have to improve, we have to change, we have to adapt.

Q. Do you have confidence in the clandestine service, or are you afraid that there is something else hidden there?

A. I took a skeptical attitude and I hired [Robert D. Williams] to come in, and I gave him a carte blanche [to investigate]. At the end of six months, I said to the clandestine service, "I am well satisfied with the way you are doing things. I have no concern that you are doing things deliberately without orders, or contrary to orders." I also told them there were going to be 820 of them less, you know. The good news and the bad news.

Q. Can the United States still take action covertly in a national emergency?

A. Yes. We're scaling that down in our objectives . . . but I will fight to the last to retain an arrow in my quiver to do political action. But not thousands of people to do paramilitary things like we had in Vietnam—a small paramilitary capability. Modest, tuned, honed and ready to go. It's very important that it be there, particularly to combat terrorism.

Q. Have such things as the Congressional hearings, allegations by former agents who have written books and the fact that many people are leaving the CIA in a disgruntled mood caused any sources to dry up because they are afraid of leaks?

A. Oh, that's just balderdash. I have such confidence in these people who leave. They're patriotic Americans. Now, some of them have shown a very unprofessional stance in running to the press, but, you know, even Frank Snepp was very circumspect in writing his book, as far as I can tell. There is apprehension around the world as to how the Congressional thing will settle out. But we haven't had, to the best of our knowledge, leaks from the Congressional side that can be pinpointed.

one of the benefits [in] oversight now is that the Congress is really getting to know what intelligence is about; they are recognizing how much of a responsibility they're shouldering.

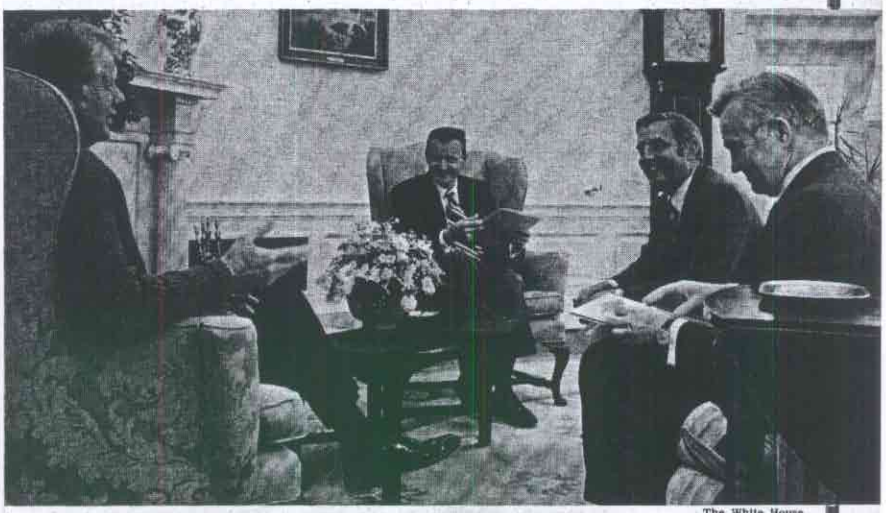
Q. Have any of the friendly services around the world shown reluctance to share information with the CIA because of leaks?

A. I have heard that foreign services are questioning how our procedures are working out under these circumstances. I have zero evidence that it has, at this stage, resulted in a degradation in the quality or quantity of information we get from them . . . What's changed in the last decade is [that] technical-intelligence collection has become so sophisticated, so expensive, that in all areas of the world we can do better in many of these technical areas than anybody else.

Q. Is it true the CIA had to contract out to the Rand Corp. for the first draft of this year's National Intelligence Estimate on the Soviet Union? If so, does this reflect in any way on the most important job you do around here, which is the estimate?

A. We contract in a number of areas. I don't want to discuss that NIE in particular, but I see nothing wrong with getting, in specialized areas, the very best talent the country can bring to bear on a national intelligence estimate . . . This is only one little piece of the Soviet estimate. We went out and hired a fellow who worked for us a few months ago. He was working on this before he left.

We [also] go outside when it is, in our opinion, to the government's best interests . . . to make sure all the divergent views are represented. And if you don't happen to have hawks and doves on some particular situation or you don't have specialists on this and that, you complement your in-house talent.



The White House

Turner with Carter, Brzezinski and Mondale: 'The President is pleased'

Q. A retired CIA official told us recently that if he had been a Russian working in the Soviet Embassy in Washington, he could probably have all the documents and information presently given to the Congress of the United States within a year.

A. I don't believe it. I really don't. The documents we give to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence are held in one series of closely guarded rooms, 24-hour guards on them, alarm systems, locks, the whole works. They're not running around in congressmen's offices.

I went to see a senator the other day, just to pay a courtesy call on him. We got discussing something, and he suddenly told me, "Write it down." He was so security-conscious. His room hadn't been debugged for a while and [when] I slipped into saying something classified, we started exchanging notes, just the two of us sitting in the room there . . . I mean,